

4 P.M. Sunday
January 12. - '96.

My Own Darling.

I am oh so
blue, Claire, & just believe
I shall have to cry and get
done with it. Sunday
is a terrible day, because
there is nothing to do but
think of home and the
blessed Sundays gone by.
I have scarcely spoken to
a soul all day; I went to
St. Thomas' Church this morning
one of the grandest churches
on 6th Ave., but did not
feel at home or happy. I
have been looking for Miss
Van Schaick all afternoon
but she has not come.

I have been resting well,
dearest, I am only just
discovering how worn out

I really was. I get in $9\frac{1}{2}$ hours every night regularly. but my rheumatism is very trying. There is always an ache somewhere. There, now, Darling, I did not mean to trouble you with my grievances, and I shall get better I am sure as the weather gets warmer. I have thought of you nearly every minute today - when I awoke, I thought, Clarence is still asleep. "The rogue" trying to catch up sleep for the week, and at church I pictured you, and this afternoon I fancy you came over to 439 about three o'clock ~~this afternoon~~ and took Elsie for a walk and you are walking and talking to him and looking at him and yet your heart and soul, the part of you that will live for ever is here right here with me, your other self. I love to think that we are going in Nettie's words to make each, the other's life, complete - It is a noble thought. God help us to be worthy of all his goodness toward us. And now, beloved one, it is growing dusk and I find no more to say except this old, old story, that I love you.

dearer than any thing
in life. Sweet heart
good night - "God bless
thee and keep thee and
cause his face to shine
upon thee."

Your Sunshine

After church - 10 P.M.

Blues all gone.
a Goodnight kiss from
your happy Sunshine



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L.H.

% Mrs. Black



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